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works to sanction such an assertion. We, at least, have been wholly unable to find anything in them capable of being perverted to such a meaning, and think it really impossible that Ussher could ever have written any such thing. On the contrary, in his *Treatise on the origin of Bishops and Metropolitans*, alluding to those passages in Irenæus in which he speaks of "the successions of Bishops, unto whom the Apostles committed the charge of the Church in every place," he proceeds thus: "For proof whereof he bringeth in the succession of the Bishop of Rome from Linus (unto whom the blessed Apostles committed the episcopacy)" &c., &c., which shows plainly that Archbishop Ussher considered Linus, and not St. Peter, as the first Bishop of Rome. If, however, any of our Roman Catholic readers are able to find any passage in Ussher's works which could justify such an assertion, we think they owe it to the fair fame of Cardinal Wiseman without delay to publish it, which we shall readily do in our pages, if furnished with it.

Dr. Wiseman's next authority is Young, who was librarian to Charles I., and better known by his Latinized name of Patricius Junius. He edited the first Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians; and we suppose that the passage to which Cardinal Wiseman would refer is a note to page 8, in that work, on the words *ἐν τῇ τῆρα τῆς ὁδοῦς*, in which he speaks of "the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome, under Nero," which, we need scarcely observe, is a perfectly different proposition from the one of which we are treating, and might be conceded in the fullest manner, without affording the slightest cause for asserting that either of them was the Bishop of that See. Why might not Apostles suffer martyrdom as well as Bishops? and if it could be proved that they suffered martyrdom at Jerusalem, it would assuredly no more prove that they were Bishops of Jerusalem than the Crucifixion of our Blessed Saviour himself there would establish that He was its first Bishop.

The only other writer referred to is Blondel, the leader of the French Protestants in the 17th century, who succeeded Vossius in his professorship, and confuted the celebrated Cardinal du Perron.

We can scarcely repress our astonishment at the coolness (we had well nigh said effrontery) with which his name has been invoked in aid of such a statement.

What will our readers think of the learning or the candour of Cardinal Wiseman, when we give them the actual words of Blondel on this subject?

His words are these: "The assignment of the Bishopric of Rome to St. Peter in particular is contradicted by St. Irenæus, Eusebius, Epiphanius, and others, who commence their reckoning of the Bishops of Rome from the Apostles Peter and Paul, whom they formally except from the catalogue; showing that, properly speaking, neither Peter nor Paul were Bishops of Rome; and that if the episcopal office is taken in a wider signification, they both of them equally exercised it there."

So much for Cardinal Wiseman's attempt to carry this difficult pass by a feint. To have referred to such writers as a reason why it was "unnecessary to enter into any argument to show that St. Peter was the first Bishop of Rome" tends, we think, as little to the honour of the cause he was advocating, as to the credit of the audience he was addressing. The latter may have been deluded, but we cannot help thinking a cause must be hopeless which can only be defended by such unworthy artifices.

Having said thus much upon the question whether there is any satisfactory proof that St. Peter ever was Bishop of Rome, in that accurate and peculiar sense in which alone it can be of any service to the cause of Rome, we purpose proceeding in our next number to consider the remaining questions, which we referred to in a former article, as equally indispensable to establish the claims of the Roman supremacy.

We would, however, guard our readers against supposing that we have given them all the arguments in our power against the assertion that St. Peter was Bishop of Rome. We could easily add many others from the admirable treatise of the celebrated Dr. Isaac Barrow on Cambridge on the Pope's Supremacy, one of the most elaborate and searching works in the English language, and which, we believe, has never been attempted to be confuted by any Roman Catholic writer.

We think, however, we have said enough to show any candid inquirer, that the testimony of learned men, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, is opposed to the alleged historical fact we have been discussing—and, therefore, that unless it be a matter to be simply taken for granted, without any proof, the onus of proof eminently lies on those who assert the affirmative of the proposition, that St. Peter was the first Bishop of Rome, and that his powers, whatever they were as such, upon his death devolved upon his successors in that Bishoprick.

* See the 7th vol. of Archbishop Ussher's works by Dr. Erlington, p. 62 and 81.

* "Successiones episcoporum, quibus illi (apostoli) eam quæ in unoquoque loco est ecclesiæ tradiderunt."—Irenæus, lib. 4., Contra. Hæreses, c. 33, op. p. 272. Ben. Ed.

* "Petrum et Paulum Romæ sub Nerone martyrio vitam finisse, notius est quam ut in dubium vocetur. De tempore autem opinio duplici est, &c.—Clementis Epist. ad Corinthios Annot. in p. 8. Oxon. 1633.

* "L'assignation de l'Épiscopat de Rome à St. Pierre particulièrement est impuée par St. Irenée, Eusèbe, Epiphane &c., qui commencent à compter les Evêques de Rome depuis les Apôtres Pierre et Paul, qu'ils exceptent formellement de leur catalogue, montrant qu'à proprement parler, ni Pierre ni Paul n'ont été Evêques de Rome, et qu'en prenant l'Épiscopat en une signification plus large, ils y ont tous deux également exercé l'Épiscopat."—*Traité historique de la Primauté*. Par D. Blondel. Geneva, 1641 p. 648.

THE DUMB VILLAGE.

CHAPTER III.

"THANK you for the comparison," said the other. "You might mend your manners, as well as your theology. Do you mean to say that Father M. is a rogue, and that I am a fool?"

"Indeed, I do not," replied his opponent. "For I am sure Father M., if left to himself, is an honest as well as an able man; and you are smart enough. But we all know that the screw has been put upon him, and he is, therefore, likely to say some queer things. What I mean is this: 'the doll's house' quite got the better of me. When wonder gets in, wit, they say, gets out; and so my curiosity overcame my judgment. I never reflected on the matter at all, but paid my penny, and walked in; but I came out with less money and more sense. Now, it seems to me that you, Roman Catholics, constantly hear such wonderful things about your religion, that you are prepared to believe anything you hear. The very confidence with which these marvellous things are asserted, instead of leading you to think, makes you wonder; and you believe mainly because you wonder. It is the little boys and the doll's house all out with you. Forbidden to examine into the truth of your religion, and required to take it all upon authority, there is nothing left, when you become a little inquisitive, because Protestants, who want to know what is right, ask you a few questions, but to put you off, in an easy, confident sort of way, with some plausible talk. As much as to say—You Catholics, have plenty of the best reasons for your religion. Whenever they are wanted they will always be forthcoming. But this one is quite enough for these poor foolish heretics, who could not, of course, understand a good argument, if you gave it to them. This sort of thing pleases you. I don't blame you. It's not your fault. You have heard so many fine things of your religion, and so much, which is not true, of ours, it is not surprising, though it is discreditable, you should believe what you so constantly hear. Only don't blame us if, being men, we act like men, and think, since God gave us reason, he meant we should use it. We believe in our faith, because it is true, and do not fear investigation, because we possess proof. You are discouraged from inquiry, because your religion is founded upon assertions which inquiry will disprove. But," he exclaimed with great energy, "the time is coming when you, too, shall cease to be children, and become men. When you 'shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' You will then find that all those arguments for the truth of your religion which, you are told, exist, will be like money hid in a strong-box, which you conclude to be safe because the lock is untouched, and the dust lies thick upon the lid. Never thinking once that the floor may be cut through from underneath, and the property gone, when you come to look for it."

"That's all fine talk," said the schoolmaster, who could not help, as well as others, feeling impressed by the earnestness of the young man. "But for one who finds so much fault with us for avoiding argument, you seem mighty little inclined to give them yourself. Can't you find a better answer than such nonsense to what Father M. has said?"

"Here is one for you, at all events," said his opponent. "You are my answer."

"I am your answer!" replied the schoolmaster. "You are so grand to-day, I can make nothing of you. Do," said he, winking knowingly, as if he was conscious of saying a smart thing, "if it be not too much trouble to you, come down from the stilts, and let a poor fellow like me understand what you mean. You are quite beyond us."

"Well, then, what I mean to say is this: If Father M.'s argument be a good one, as you say it is, you could not be a Catholic at all. Therefore, as you are one, it must be bad."

"Oh, listen, boys, to the Protestant logic! Mind now what he says. I am to be a bad Catholic because I have a good argument. That's queer, at all events. And so, I suppose, you'll allow, by the same rule, you must be a good Protestant, since, it is quite certain, you have bad arguments. I think that's likely enough, at all events. I won't dispute it."

This sally of the schoolmaster's made them all laugh heartily. It was one of the many quick things which constantly occur during the religious discussions of a people so acute as the Irish peasantry. And there can be no doubt that the enjoyment derived from them has the great advantage of preventing the anger and ill-will which controversy among people of violent passions is apt to produce. The keen relish of a joke, which they possess in a remarkable degree, gives infinite zest to disputes, which serve as fertile occasions of exercising their ingenuity and displaying their wit. Those who have listened to such 'passages of arms' have frequently been surprised by the skill with which a home thrust has been parried in this happy way.

The tables were, however, soon turned. For, as soon as the laugh, in which the Scripture-reader joined as heartily as the others, had subsided, he answered very composedly,

"I said, if your argument was good you could not be a Catholic. For you and I must have continued, as our

ancestors were, heathens. Would not their priests have said to their followers, when the Apostles of our Lord came among them preaching the Gospel, just what your priests say to you? Would they not say just what Father M. says?—'Is not your religion true? If you begin to doubt you will endanger your faith. Have not your fathers always held the same? Consider all the great men who have never questioned what you begin to examine. See the millions who believe as you believe. Can they all be wrong, and you alone right?' The heathen priests might just have stopped their mouths as Father M. stops yours; and so heathenism, if his argument be good, must have continued for ever. We never could have been Christians at all. In point of fact, as you have more than one heathen doctrine in your religion, so you have more than one heathen argument among yours. The Jewish priests, too, might have given just the same reason (had it not been too bad to be thought of) to their poor people, when they wanted to prevent them from listening to our Lord Jesus. The argument would be just as good for them as it is for you. Father M. says—'Is not your religion true?' They would have asked just the same question. He tells you—'If you begin to question you will peril your faith.' So would they. His address to you would exactly suit for them—'Have not your fathers before you always held the same faith with yourselves? Are you better than they? Look to us who are your guides. Do we believe in this new religion which a poor carpenter's son is teaching you? It never existed until to day. Will you set up ignorant fishermen, who know nothing, against us, who are appointed to teach you? Mind what we tell you, and don't mind anybody else. There's your reason, if you must have one at all. Would you have the thistle of Lebanon set itself up against the cedar of Lebanon? Have any of the Scribes and Pharisees believed on him? When they do, it will be time enough for you, but not until then.' I think, therefore, I was right in saying, 'You are my answer; because if the reason you gave be good at all, the Christian religion never could have existed. All would be Jews or heathens.'

The schoolmaster saw the force of the argument. He did not know what to say for a moment to such an unexpected retort. At last he replied briskly—

"Aye, that may be fair enough; but, then, our religion is true, and the heathen is false. This, you must allow, makes all the difference in the world."

"The heathens would have said the same of you. Error has no defence but assertion. Error says, 'I am right.' But truth proves itself to be so. How do you know that you are right?"

"Oh," said he, "that's easily settled. Haven't we the infallible Church to guide us, and that can't err?"

"Just what the leaders of the Jews would have said, too, when they wanted to keep the people from inquiring. 'We are the only Church of God—follow us. God, it is true, gave you reason; but you have as little right to use it in these matters as the weathercock would have to say to the wind which it was made to follow, 'You are not to twist me as you please. I'll turn as I like best myself.' Now, the authority of your Church seems to me like the wind, and you are the weathercocks to follow it."

"Hold hard there," said the schoolmaster, who saw here a good point, and made it. "I'll mend your simile for you, Mr. Scripture-reader. Our Church has an infallible authority, which never varies. That's like the trade winds, which, as you know, always blow in one direction."

"Well answered, at all events," replied his opponent. "You have hit me there, I admit. And if you will only prove the existence of any such authority, as we can of the trade winds, I am content to give up the case, and become one of the weathercocks too. Now, only keep to the point. We know why there must be 'trade winds,' and also where to find them. Do you now prove for me that any infallible authority really exists in your Church, and, above all things, tell me where I am to look for it. For this I never yet could learn from any Roman Catholic I have met."

"That's soon settled," said the other, in no small glee at having at last pushed, as he thought, his adversary into a corner, from whence there was, in his opinion, no escape for him. "Father M. settled that for us the other day. 'Every one,' said he, 'is obliged to follow authority. You can't get on without it. If you are sick you must send for Dr. Finnigan, though perhaps, indeed, some among you (and we all know very well what he meant) would rather send for the quack. If you want law you must go to Counsellor Casey. Would you ask their advice, and then follow your own nonsense? It is just the same in religion. The Church tells you all you want to know. Come to me when you wish to hear what she says. For," said he, and wasn't it a grand thing of him altogether, and where could your clergyman get such an idea out of your Church? 'The Church is like the sun, and the priest is like the moon, which you have heard, my children, gets all the light which it sends to the earth from the sun, and never sends any other. The instruction which your priest gives you is just the doctrine which the Church gives him. So it's quite plain you can never go wrong. While Protestants, with their own poor private judgment to guide them, are just like people who want to see by 'a farthing dip,' when

they might have the broad daylight, if they were wise enough to use it."

"Tom Connell," said the Scripture-reader, turning to a fine, honest-looking fellow who was eagerly listening to everything which passed, "what did you get by following Counsellor Casey's advice the other day?"

"I know what he got, at all events, from me," says Tom, with a grin of no pleasant recollection; "he got my three good guineas, and I wish that was all I lost through the law by taking his advice."

"You got wisdom, too, Tom. For I don't think you will go to law again in a hurry. And we all know what Biddy Brady says about the doctor, who told her it was nothing but worms ailed her child; when she found out afterwards it was the little girl who let her fall, and hurt her back."

"Now you have told me what your minister told you, shall I tell you what mine said on this subject?"

"Oh, my all means, let us hear what the parson said. I scarcely think he will equal the priest here," replied the schoolmaster.

"What he said was just this. Whenever I hear or read Roman Catholic arguments, I am always reminded of our Lord's question, 'What man is there of you whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone.' Roman Catholic writers assert one thing, and, so far as I have been able to understand, prove invariably something else, which may be mistaken for it. They talk greatly about the authority of the Church. Now, the question between us and them is not whether the Church, or any Church, has authority; but of *what sort* that authority is? Whether it be, as they assert, and we deny, an *infallible* authority. *This they never prove.* All their quotations from the fathers only show what we, not they, maintain, that the Church has authority, but in no single instance do they ever produce a passage from them (it is plain the Bible says nothing of the kind) which says the Church of Rome has an infallible authority. The passages which they bring, as well as their constant allusions to doctors and lawyers, just prove the very opposite of what they want. They prove what *we hold*; not what they hold. We never heard of an infallible doctor, or of an infallible lawyer; nor do we ever find in the records of the early histories anything whatever about the infallibility of the Church of Rome. We find just what the Church of England asserts, and not what the Church of Rome, in the *present day*—for it, not the Protestant, is really the new Church—maintains."

"Oh, come now," said the schoolmaster, "that's rather too bad. Do you want to make out that *our* Church holds *your* doctrines?"

"No," said the Scripture-reader; "for then *you* would not have separated from the faith 'delivered to the saints.' But what our clergyman says is, 'that when attempting to prove her own, in many cases she really proves *ours*.' He told us this very question of infallibility was one of the plainest cases. And he said, too (the Scripture-reader thought this a favourable opportunity of acting upon the direction he had received)—'I shall be quite happy to make good all I say, if Father M. will honour me with a meeting.'"

"That's the chat," said Tom Connell. "When you two are sparring away, and telling us what the priest and the parson put you both up to, what comes into my head is—it's pretty much the same as if I were to ask Billy Johnson here to try my old musket, which hasn't had a charge of powder these dozen years, before I fired it off, because I was afraid to try it myself, lest it might burst in my hands. If Billy and I had a quarrel we wouldn't set our little boys to fight it out, and only look on ourselves."

"Tom," said the schoolmaster, who neither relished Connell's blunt way of bringing in the priest, nor the disparagement to his own official dignity involved in the comparison with "little boys," "if it was big Tom, instead of little Tom, I had in my school, perhaps I might have whipped some sense as well as learning into you, you big goose."

"Deed," said big Tom, "by all accounts you're great at the birch, at all events. We heard of a stranger gentleman who looked in at the school the other day asking you why it was all the little boys jumped up so fast when they sat down. And the new tailor says his hand will be altogether ruined for cutting the corduroys if he stays here much longer."

"And why so, Mr. Tom?" said the schoolmaster.

"Because," answered Tom, in high mirth, "he says, 'If it were not for the buttons before, I'm blessed if I could tell which was the front and which was the back. It's all whipped away, I do declare,' says he."

Tom's unexpected sally put all the parties in high meriment. So they returned to the discussion with good temper and eagerness.

The Scripture-reader, mindful of cautions of his superintendent, to keep to his subject, and to try and keep his hearers interested, then began:—"I have sometimes read of travellers in sandy deserts, who, when fainting with thirst, have imagined they saw at a distance a lake of delicious water, with beautiful trees growing on its banks, but when they hurried on found all a delusion. There were neither trees for shade, nor water to cool their burning lips."

"And that's true," said the schoolmaster, who did not like to miss an occasion of showing his learning, "it is to

be explained by the sun's rays reflected upon the hot sands, and forming, as it were, pictures in the air."

"Just, I suppose," said Tom Connell, letting off another sly shot at the pedagogue, "as the little boys, when they are late for school, think of the birch in every bush they see."

"See what it is to be in good company, we're making a smart fellow of you at last," said the schoolmaster, who wanted to stop Tom; "but I'm a little bit afraid your wit is, after all, like the mist, which disappears when you get close to it."

"How glad the young ones would be if the same were true of the old," said his tormenter; "but the misfortune is, the nearer it gets to them, the more they find it's no mistake at all. And," continued Tom, bursting into an uncontrollable roar of laughter, "you may think you make smart fellows, but we'll all allow you make fellows smart."

Tom was clearly now beyond the schoolmaster, who thought it the wiser plan to try a diversion; and so, turning to the Scripture-reader, said—"Well, Mr. Williams, what more have you to say about this desert mist?"

"Well," said the other, making an unexpected application of his ingenious commencement, "it is, as far as I can see, very like the authority of your Church, which looks, as you describe it, very large and fine in the distance, but when you come a little near to look *where* it is, and try to get hold of it, somehow or other it vanishes away. Our clergyman says he never yet could find a Roman Catholic who could tell him *where* infallibility could be found."

"Where to find it!" said the schoolmaster, "why, in the Church, to be sure."

"And what is the Church? Where is it?"

"Why, in the great councils of bishops, with the Pope himself at their head," replied the other.

"Well, but, is the Pope himself infallible?" said Williams, who knew that "the great preacher" recently sent down on a special mission to their village to help (and it was strongly suspected to *watch* also) Father M. in keeping the villagers from controversy, held on this subject, an opinion directly in opposition to the parish priest, and had strenuously asserted the Pontiff could never err.

The schoolmaster, however, as in duty bound, sided with the priest. "Yes," said he boldly, "the Pope may go wrong."

"Oh murder!" exclaimed an old woman in dire consternation, "listen to what he says. Is it that the Holy Father himself wouldn't know what he says? Sure, if he went wrong at all, at all, wouldn't he be a Protestant all out?"

"Now," said Williams, who well knew his ground, "you all see how it is. You tell us that all Catholics agree; that they never have any difference among themselves, and yet here, in a moment, we have the great preacher against your priest, and Mrs. Flanagan ready to tear your eyes out for following the priest. Now, will you tell me which of the two is in the right, Father M. or the great preacher?"

"I stand up for our own priest, to be sure," said the other.

"I dare say you do. But are you going to decide between two priests? Will you take it upon you to determine which is right and which is wrong? What I want you to tell me, honestly, before those who hear us, is just this, is it not true that Father M. says the Pope is not infallible? and do not heaps of Catholics think the same? and did not the new priest declare that the Pope was infallible? Can you deny this? Now, then, just answer this—do all Catholics agree here in doctrine, as you say they do?"

The schoolmaster was now in a terrible dilemma. Denial of the fact which the Scripture-reader stated was now out of the question; for it was notorious that the new preacher had vehemently asserted the personal infallibility of the Pope. He was of the ultramontane school, which holds that doctrine. He had come to the village, distrustful of the parish priest's devotion to the Church, and determined to root out, as he declared, the seeds of heresy, which Father M. had, he thought, allowed to be sown. But in his vehemence he lost sight of prudence; for, without ever taking pains to ascertain the good priest's views on this vital point, he had selected for his text the famous passage, "Thou art Peter," &c., and delivered a long and vehement discourse on the Pope's infallibility. It is, however, perfectly notorious that there is no unanimity in the Roman Catholic Church on this fundamental doctrine. "The parson" well knew that no Roman Catholic in existence could produce a single authentic declaration of his Church deciding which, among no less than four conflicting opinions on this single subject, was the correct one. He had strongly impressed this on the Scripture-readers, urging them to take every opportunity of asserting the fact; for he knew it was a fatal point. "It was as absurd," he said, "to talk of infallibility, if no one knew where to find it, as to tell a man who wanted to get a fine diamond there were plenty lost in the depths of the ocean, if he only knew where to get at them." The new preacher's indiscretion gave him just the opportunity which he wanted. It was now an undeniable fact that the priests were at variance: Father M. had repeatedly stated his views on the subject. It was one of his favourite opinions that the Church, and not the Pope, was infallible. The villagers had been frequently told by the Scripture-readers that

such disunion of opinion existed in their Church, but they wholly discredited what they asserted, as too absurd to be even listened to. The Church was infallible; they knew this; it was enough for them. But the parish priest was their Church; they had plainly no other way, and wanted no other way, of knowing what the Church said. Now it came upon them like a thunderbolt, that two priests, in direct opposition, could not both be infallible. (Just what the readers had said.) Hitherto they had denied such a thing to be possible. It had been useless to produce instance after instance where Pope, Council, Bishops, and Priests were opposed; they would not listen to any such absurdity. Now, however, it was a clear, undeniable fact that discord in opinion was at their own doors. The statements of the readers were verified, to their utter surprise and consternation. Father M. was indignant at the suspicion and the slight put upon him; he saw the mischief which the new-comer had occasioned, and remonstrated with him. But in vain. The Jesuit doctrine must be carried out. The state of things required a strong hand. One was honest, the other was imperious—both were determined; and the end of the matter was, the strife leaked out, and the village, like "the city Shusan, was perplexed."

The Protestant clergyman saw the great advantage which this difference of opinion between the two priests gave him of pressing his favourite topic in a practical way on the people. The Scripture-readers had, accordingly, been urged to profit by this opportunity of doing so. The young man Williams was just as able as he was earnest in controversy, and was very skilful in adapting his arguments to the temper of those whom he addressed. The subject of infallibility had been frequently discussed with the villagers; and though, as we have said, they were unmoved hitherto by the very simple argument that, if there was no possibility of ascertaining where it could be found, little reliance was to be placed upon it, yet they were in tolerable possession of the leading points of the discussion. Now, therefore, that the fact of a disunion of opinion upon such a subject between their teachers, which they had really thought to be an impossibility, was brought clearly before them, its effects were extraordinary. They knew not what to think of the matter. They had readily allowed that if such differences as the Scripture-readers mentioned did, or could, exist, that there would be little to boast of about the unity and infallibility of their Church. But that "*if*" was just what they believed to be impossible. Now that it was no longer an absurd hypothesis, but an undeniable fact, they listened with extreme eagerness to the discussion of this point between Williams and the schoolmaster. The former kept steadily to his position.

"You blame Protestants because they will not submit to the infallibility of your Church. Yet you cannot tell us where that can be found. There is a violent dispute in your Church on the subject. You are all at liberty to think as you like as to *where* it can be found. You are allowed to use that very liberty of judging which you so condemn in us. This is an utter folly and inconsistency. You talk of your unity; where is it here? everything in your Church depends on this doctrine, and yet you can't settle it. I go to look for it in the Pope; one man tells me it is there, while another says it is not. Then I look for it in a Council, for one tells me it is there, then another tells me it is not. So that if I am to decide by what each says separately, it is not anywhere at all. What am I to do? I can't tell where to find it; you can't tell either. If any Roman Catholic was to deny that either Pope, or Council, or both together, was infallible, where is the decree of your Church which, by determining where it really is, could convict him of heresy? If there be, produce it, and end at once the dispute between us. But until you do, never talk about differences among Protestants. Yours are worse. When I was a boy, I went to see a militia regiment on a field-day. The colonel was a mighty angry little man. He had ordered the adjutant to make a manoeuvre, which required him to take a fixed point as a pivot round which he might make the men wheel. The colonel became very impatient, as he saw the head of the regiment turning here and there when it should have remained steady. At last he roared out to the poor adjutant, who was in a sad way—'What are you about, sir? Why don't you keep your pivot men steady? What is your point, sir?' 'Gone, sir, gone. It's just flown away,' cried the unfortunate adjutant. 'Flown away!' roared out the colonel. 'What on earth do you mean, sir?' Now, it so happened that just as the colonel had given the order, the poor adjutant, who wanted to be thought a soldier, and was but a silly fellow, spied out an old crow, who seemed buried in thought, just in the very spot which he considered to be a nice one for his pivot. But the crow soon began to walk away, and the soldiers to walk after him, turning as he turned, until, as they came too near, he flew away altogether, and ruined the manoeuvre. Now, everything in your Church depends upon determining infallibility. All your doctrines hang upon it. They are the regiment, and infallibility is the crow. *Everything depends on the crow*, which went hither and thither just when it was wanted to keep quiet in one place, and at last flew away. Infallibility is just moving about like it, and when required can't be found at all."

"What queer things come into one's head," said Tom Connell. "I wonder what puts them there. While you

were talking, Mr. Williams, about the crow, I just thought to myself, if all this is true, it's just like a turn we took on a vagabond who used to cheat us out of our pennies at the fair. You would a'most swear you saw the pea go under a thimble, and when we betted our pennies on the one where we thought it was, no matter which, when the fellow took it, the pea wasn't there. So three of us agreed, that the next time we'd manage to toss all the thimbles off the board at once, for we knew there was some scheming; and so we did, and the pea wasn't under any of them at all. I don't think he showed his face again in the fair. It's a queer thing to think of at all; but it's so like, I couldn't help it."

"Bravo, Tom," thought William, "you've hit it, at all events. I'm mistaken if you won't be one of us before long, and I wouldn't wish for an honest fellow."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If W. B. will favour us with his address, we will explain why we have postponed the insertion of his letter. Much disappointment and delay would often be saved, if this common rule was more strictly adhered to.

To diminish the chance of disappointment, all letters should be forwarded to the office by the first day of the month.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 9, Upper Sackville-street.

Contributors of £1 per annum will be furnished with six copies, any of which will be forwarded, as directed, to nominees of the subscriber.

THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN is registered for transmission beyond the United Kingdom.

In consequence of several persons having returned copies of the CATHOLIC LAYMAN, which had been already paid for by friends, under the apprehension that they might be called on hereafter in person to pay for them, we beg to call their attention to the following announcement—viz, that any one receiving any number of this journal which has not been ordered by himself or by his authority, will not be charged for it, and may assume that it has been paid for by a subscriber.

The Catholic Layman.

DUBLIN, OCTOBER 17, 1856.

A TASTE for grand theatrical exhibitions appears to be so natural to mankind that they have been in all ages, ancient as well as modern, used as means of amusing the populace and keeping them quiet, by rulers, whose authority was supported on a basis of "tottering equilibrium," and not based on the solid foundation of the rational affections of the people.

The consuls of ancient Rome kept up their popularity by princely shows and public spectacles, got up at vast expense for the gratification of the plebeians.

The Roman Emperors did the same on a still more magnificent scale.

And, we believe, there is no despotic power in Europe which does not use theatrical exhibitions as instruments of State policy, to divert the minds of their subjects from the more dangerous occupation of *thinking*.

The same policy will, perhaps, appear to a thoughtful observer to influence the modern tactics of the Church of Rome.

We take, almost at random, from the pages of the *Univers*,* the following illustrations of it, involving not only Bishops and Cardinals, but even the Pope himself. It is headed, "Coronation of Our Lady of Verdelsais":—

"A grand religious fête, announced by a 'mandement' of the Cardinal Donnet, took place at Verdelsais on Wednesday, the 2nd July, in the midst of a concourse of 50,000, at least, of the faithful, among whom were more than 500 clergy of the diocese, the Bishops of St. Flour, Angoulême, Nevers, Beauvais, Agen, and Gap, the Archbishop of Avignon, his Eminence Cardinal Donnet, &c."

"At 10 o'clock the statue of the Holy Virgin was placed upon the altar, amid the chant of the litanies, the peal of bells, the noise of cannon, and that harmonious murmur which reigns in the camp of Christians in the presence of the objects of their veneration."

"Every one remarked the magnificent mantle of cut velvet, embroidered with gold, which covered the miraculous statue, but the crowns of gold, ornamented with precious stones, the gift of the Very Holy Father, which his Eminence and his venerable colleagues had placed on the head of the infant Jesus, and on that of his divine mother, were the objects of general admiration."

"At 9 o'clock, the clergy went to receive at the end of the square his Eminence, and the eight prelates who accompanied him. The cortege defiled in the midst

of the crowd, which already occupied the esplanade, and was directed towards the Church. There the four arch-priests took the Virgin, placed on a portable stand (branchard); the crowns of gold preceded her, borne on red cushions. The people waited in the square. Scarcely had the venerated image passed the threshold of the Church—scarcely had the eyes of the crowd perceived it, when a sudden and general cry was heard, and their applauses rang through the assembly. They salute the august Madonna, and felt that the hour of her triumph had arrived."

"The statue was placed upon the altar, the apostolical brief was read, and the pontifical office celebrated by the Archbishop of Avignon. The Bishop of Nevers then preached upon the glories of Mary, and in particular on the glories of Notre Dame de Verdelsais. In concluding his discourse he asked for a solemn protestation of love and veneration for Mary; and every month three times repeated with transport *Vive Maria! Vive Notre Dame de Verdelsais! Vive Notre Reine!* It would be impossible to say how these acclamations, the echo of which reverberated through the valley, impressed the hearts of those who heard them."

"What a sweet and solemn moment was that, when the Cardinal and the Bishops extended their hands together, and placed the crowns on the heads of Jesus and Mary. Tears flowed from many eyes. This image which they had venerated as infants, which they had come so often and so far to salute in its sanctuary, near which they had experienced so much joy and peace and confidence, they now saw, honoured, glorified, crowned by the supreme Pontiff, in the eyes of a whole province, of France, and the world! *Mon Dieu!* what reflections sprung up in that moment, and how sweet, how pious, how consoling! There was the image which, for seven hundred years and more, had undergone so many vicissitudes, had passed through so many phases of glory and oblivion, of respect and outrages, of love and persecutions. Of all the events which had distracted the country it had experienced the shock. France and England, in disputing for two centuries the possession of Guienne, overthrew more than once the sanctuary which sheltered it. Heresy cast it into the flames, and struck it with the axe; and the pious image bears even still the visible traces of it, as glorious and holy scars; the left shoulder presents a large gash, and one of the fingers of the right hand is cut off. In 1793 the statue remained in its place, it is true, but only to reign forgotten amid the emptiness and silence of a closed temple. And this is the same image which they crown to-day; which the church, the state, the government, the army, all ranks, all ages, 50,000 souls present, encircle with their respect and acclamations, and which millions of the absent faithful, uniting in heart with their brethren, this day honour, in sending to the fête their warmest sympathies. Can it be possible that a simple piece of wood can have resisted so many assaults, and triumphed over so many trials? That so many statues of great men, since the time of Philip Augustus to the present—statues of stone, of marble, or of brass—have been overthrown, broken, or reduced to powder, whilst this statue, made of a piece of chesnut wood, of our Lady of Verdelsais, exists still, and is entire, except some slight mutilations, which serve the better to denote its marvellous preservation, and is the object of a triumph the most beautiful which the earth can record or contemplate! O religion, but thou art strong in thy apparent weakness! on thee the fire is extinguished, the axe is blunted, the hammer is broken: time or man can do nothing to destroy."

"His Eminence consecrated to Mary both his person and his diocese, and the Virgin, adorned with her new crown, was carried in triumph round the place, to the sound of chauns and the flourish of trumpets, and the redoubled volleys of cannon. Having re-entered the church, they elevated it in the middle of the sanctuary, placed on its stand. Immediately, by a filial and spontaneous movement, the ecclesiastics formed a circle and prostrated themselves at the feet of the holy image; some kissed the borders of the robe, others kissed the feet, or raised objects of devotion to its face, wishing to sanctify them by the pious contact."

"The enthusiasm of the clergy was imitated by the faithful. For more than three hours they did not cease to surround the Madonna, and to give her marks of respect the most profound, and of love the most tender."

Is it possible to read the foregoing account of this most pompous theatrical spectacle, without seeing that *image worship* is *practically* something more than a mere means of raising the mind to the objects represented. Here the image, the particular image of chesnut wood, was honoured with every mark of adoration possible for man to give, not merely because it represented the Virgin Mary (which every other image, though manufactured yesterday, equally does, and perhaps more worthily), but because it is the same *identical piece of chesnut wood* which for 700 years has survived so many dangers, and bears on its sacred front the scars of violence and mutilation. Its very mutilation gives it

additional charms in the eyes of an excited populace!

We ask, in sober sadness, is this religion? Is it even what the Council of Trent meant when it decreed that images of the Virgin and other saints should be treated with *due* honour?

We have no desire to depart from our accustomed moderation; but it is hard to characterise such exhibitions in the language of truth and not run the risk of exceeding the bounds of Christian charity.

We would rather leave it to our Roman Catholic friends to form a judgment for themselves whether such exhibitions can be pleasing to God; or whether *such* worship can be *due* to an idol of chesnut wood, or practised without incurring the awful sin of idolatry?

"Hear, O Heavens, and give ear, O Earth," says the prophet Isaiah; "Thus saith the Lord, the King of Israel, and his Redeemer, the Lord of Hosts: I am the first, and I am the last; and beside me there is no God."

"They that make a graven image are all of them vanity; and their delectable things shall not profit; and they are their own witnesses. They see not, nor know, that they may be ashamed."

"Who hath formed a god, or molten a graven image that is profitable for nothing?"

"Behold, all his fellows shall be ashamed: and the workmen, they are of men: let them all be gathered together, let them stand up; yet they shall fear, and they shall be ashamed together."

"The carpenter stretcheth out his rule; he marketh it out with a line; he fitteth it with planes, and he marketh it out with the compass, and maketh it after the figure of a man, according to the beauty of a man; that it may remain in the house."

"He heweth him down cedars, and taketh the cypress and the oak, which he strengtheneth for himself among the trees of the forest: he planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it."

"Then shall it be for a man to burn; for he will take thereof, and warm himself; yea, he kindleth it and baketh bread; yea, he maketh a god, and worshippeth it; he maketh it a graven image, and falleth down thereto."

"He burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth roast, and is satisfied: yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire:"

"And the residue thereof he maketh a god, *even his* graven image: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god."

"They have not known nor understood: for He hath shut their eyes, that they cannot see; and their hearts, that they cannot understand."

"And none considereth in his heart, neither is there knowledge nor understanding to say, I have burned part of it in the fire; yea, also I have baked bread upon the coals thereof; I have roasted flesh, and eaten it: and shall I make the residue thereof an abomination? SHALL I FALL DOWN TO THE STOCK OF A TREE?"

"He feedeth on ashes: a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, IS THERE NOT A LIE IN MY RIGHT HAND?"—Isaiah, xlii., chap. 6, 9-11, 13-20.

Isaiah, Chapter XLIV. (Douay Bible).

6. Thus saith the Lord, the King of Israel, and his Redeemer, the Lord of Hosts: I am the first, and I am the last, and besides me there is no God.

9. The makers of idols are all of them one thing, and their beloved things shall not profit them. They are their witnesses, that they do not see, nor understand, that they may be ashamed.

10. Who hath formed a god, and made a graven thing that is profitable for nothing?

11. Behold, all the partakers thereof shall be confounded, for the makers are men: they shall all assemble together, they shall stand and fear, and shall be confounded together.

13. The carpenter hath stretched out his rule, he hath formed it with a plane, he hath made it with compasses, and he hath fashioned it round with the compass; and he hath made the image of a man as it were a beautiful man dwelling in a house.

14. He hath cut down cedars, and taken the holm, and the oak that stood among the trees of the forest; he hath planted the pine tree, which the rain hath nourished.

15. And it hath served men for fuel: he took thereof, and warmed himself; and he kindled it, and baked bread; but of the rest he made a god, and adored; he made a graven thing, and bowed down before it.

16. Part of it he burnt with fire, and with part of it he dressed his meat: he boiled pottage, and was filled, and was warmed, and said—Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire.

17. But the residue thereof he made a god, and a graven thing for himself: he boweth down before it, and adored it, and prayed unto it, saying—Deliver me, for thou art my God.

18. They have not known, nor understood; for their eyes are covered that they may not see, and that they may not understand with their heart.

19. They do not consider in their mind, nor know, nor have the thought to say: I have burned part of it in the fire, and I have baked bread upon the coals thereof; I have broiled flesh and have eaten, and of the residue thereof shall I make an idol? SHALL I FALL DOWN BEFORE THE STOCK OF A TREE?

20. Part thereof is ashes: his foolish heart adored it, and he will not save his soul, nor say: Perhaps there is a lie in my right hand.